

The Enterprise.

VOL. 4.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1899.

NO. 33.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.

7:27 A. M. Daily except Sunday.

9:12 A. M. Daily.

12:49 P. M. Daily.

6:57 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

7:33 A. M. Daily.

11:13 A. M. Daily.

4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.

7:03 P. M. Daily.

12:19 A. M. Sundays Only.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

First car from Ferry for Baden Station leaves.....

First car from 30th Street for Baden Station leaves.....

First car from Holy Cross for Baden Station leaves.....

Last car leaves Ferry for Baden Station.....

Last car leaves 30th Street for Baden Station.....

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Baden Station.....

First car leaves Baden Station for City.....

Last car leaves Baden Station for City.....

Car train between Holy Cross and Baden Station every 20 minutes from.....

8:50 A. M. to 5:50 P. M.

COUNTRY AND MAIN LINES.

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Ferry.....

11:25 P. M.

Last car leaves Ocean View for Ferry.....

11:43 P. M.

Last car leaves 30th Street for Ferry.....

12:00 M.

Last car for Holy Cross leaves the Ferry at.....

11:22 P. M.

Last car for Holy Cross leaves the Ferry at.....

12:03 A. M.

8:50 P. M.

Last car leaves Ferry for 30th Street and Sunnyside only at.....

12:32 A. M.

NOTE

9:52 P. M. from 30th St. goes to Ocean View only

10:32 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only.

11:32 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only.

PARK LINE

ast car from 18th and Guerrero to Golden Gate Park.....

11:27 P. M.

Last car from Golden Gate Park to 18th and Guerrero.....

11:50 P. M.

STR. CAROLINE..... CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for whale oil port, south San Francisco, Tuesday and Saturday.

Returning to the city the same day, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

A. M. F. M.

From the North..... 7:45 4:15

" South..... 7:45 7:00

MAIL CLOSES.

A. M. F. M.

North..... 8:50 6:30

North..... 6:15

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. T. Duncan Ferguson every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every second and fourth Wednesday, at Journeyman Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeyman Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeyman Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT

Hon. G. H. Buck..... Redwood City

TREASURER

P. P. Chamberlain..... Redwood City

TAX COLLECTOR

F. M. Granger..... Redwood City

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

J. J. Bullock..... Redwood City

ASSESSOR

C. D. Hayward..... Redwood City

COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER

M. H. Thompson..... Redwood City

SHERIFF

J. H. Mansfield..... Redwood City

AUDITOR

Geo. Barker..... Redwood City

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Miss Etta Milton..... Redwood City

CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR

Jas. Crowe..... Redwood City

SURVEYOR

W. B. Gilbert..... Redwood City

David Belasco, the playwright, contemplated building a theater in New York. He has long cherished the ambition, and now believes that the hour of realization has come. He is going abroad to study theaters with a view to getting the best ideas, both as to constructions and stage plans. He hopes to complete the theater in 1900. He has no definite plans as to a site yet.

Director of Census Merriam has completed his official technical staff by the appointment of S. N. North of Boston, chief statistician in charge of the United States.

He is going to study theaters with a view to getting the best ideas, both as to constructions and stage plans. He has no definite plans as to a site yet.

Waiting for a rain before planting is one of the commonest of mistakes. A tree cannot be well planted in pasty or sticky soil. The best time is when the soil is dry enough to crumble up. Then it can be hammered down in close contact with the root. As to watering, fill in a paiful when the hole is half filled with soil, should the ground be very dry.

Ernesto Schernikow, Vice-Consul of the Republic of Salvador, has received the following cablegram from the Secretary of State of the republic: "Deny alarming rumors regarding Salvador. Everything is tranquil here."

The American Steel Hoop Company has announced a general advance in wages in their plant. All skilled laborers will receive an increase of 10 per cent.

DAWSON'S NEW LINES

THE RIGHT OF MONARCHS.

Why Emperor William Opposes Permanent Arbitration.

London.—The correspondent of the Daily News at The Hague says: I learn that Dr. Zorn, the German delegate, spoke against arbitration. When I asked him for a copy of his speech I got a blank refusal. Dr. Zorn said: "All that I can tell you is that Friday's sitting was extremely interesting and that I presented Germany's objection to the scheme for a permanent arbitration tribunal."

Notwithstanding this, I am able to send a full analysis of his speech. He spoke slowly and with difficulty in French. He asserted that he was instructed to say that Germany could not accept the principle of permanent arbitration embodied in Sir Julian Pauncefote's draft. She objected, firstly, on principle, and secondly on the grounds of expediency.

He then proceeded to argue that it was derogatory to a monarch's sovereignty and to a nation's independence. Arbitration agreed between two nations, for a narrowly defined object was one thing and arbitration binding a nation for the unknowable future was quite another. A king, holding his title by divine right, could not think of divesting himself of an essential part of his sovereignty, the right to shape the nation's course at a critical moment.

Emperor William, Dr. Zorn said, would not pledge himself to bow to the decisions of judges not appointed by him on cases that had not arisen. These were the objections to the principle. The objections of expediency were on the score of expense, and the possibility that the tribunal, under the rendering of iniquitous decisions, might bring the principle for arbitration into discredit. Dr. Zorn concluded his speech amid painful silence.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, replying, said he thought the objections of the German delegate showed a view of statecraft which many might consider not altogether modern. "As to the doubts expressed regarding the fitness of the judges I have no doubt," said Sir Julian, "that every state would take pride in nominating its best man."

I understand that Dr. Zorn's instructions were sent under a misapprehension, as some of his objections would only apply to the older schemes superseded by the British draft. The correspondent of the Morning Post at The Hague asserts that at last Friday's meeting Dr. Zorn opposed the arbitration scheme, but adds that negotiations are proceeding between The Hague and Berlin.

RUN FOR AND BY WOMEN.

Chicago Will Soon Have a New-Fangled Hotel.

Chicago.—Chicago will have a hotel conducted by women and exclusively for women. A ten-year lease has been taken on the 100-room hotel building in Michigan avenue known as the Richelieu Annex, and for the last six weeks workmen have been putting it in condition for occupancy. When completed it is to be the home for Chicago business women and women travelers who stop over in this city. It will be called the Laurel Club Hotel.

Four women form the directory of the club and will have full management. Women clerks will be employed and the only men about the place will be porters and other servants to do the heavy work. Chaperones will be furnished for theater parties and outings, and twice a month an entertainment of a social nature will be given at the house.

UNCLE SAM AS AN ARBITRATOR.

May Act Between Great Britain and the Transvaal.

Berlin.—The London correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung says: The idea of having the United States mediate between Great Britain and the South African republic is being favorably discussed in all quietness in important circles here. It is pointed out that at present no powers stand so close to Great Britain as the United States, while at the same time the fact that a republican form of government prevails in the United States would make Washington's mediation especially acceptable to the Boers.

It is also thought that the prominent social and political position occupied by the descendants of the old Knickerbocker Dutch in the East of the United States would be regarded by the Boers as a factor recommending to them the friendly intervention of the United States as an arbitrator.

Investigating Army Frauds.

Berlin.—A number of prominent physicians and wealthy young men who have succeeded in being exempted from military service unlawfully are involved in a deep criminal case at Cologne, which is assuming gigantic proportions. There are now seventy-two defendants. The trick in most instances was to render the men called for public examination temporarily unfit by administering strong poison doses sufficient to produce fluttering of the heart and other alarming symptoms. The Emperor has ordered a thorough investigation without regard to whom it may hit. Several of the accused are sons of rich Cologne bankers.

President Dole has vetoed the application for a franchise for the Hilo and Honolulu Railway, for a railroad from Hilo to a point on the coast of the Island of Hawaii nearest to Honolulu. A franchise for a route through the same territory was recently granted and considerable work has been done on the proposed route. The reason for vetoing the application of the second company is that the two roads will parallel each other through a territory that cannot support two roads.

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THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

The plow trust does not want the earth. It merely wants to turn it over.

Several large factories are said to be throwing tacks in front of the bicycle trust.

Twenty more locomotives ordered in this country for an English railroad. Now let the heathen rage.

Of course a laundry trust, at least so far as the collar is concerned, may be expected to give it to people in the neck.

A man can get more backache out of a steel garden spade than he can buy for forty-nine cents than he can out of a forty dollar bicycle.

Since Russia and Great Britain have agreed upon their spheres in China there will probably be no spheres left for other nations.

Lowell says: "Not failure, but low aim, is crime." Spaniards and Filipinos deserve acquittal on both counts of the indictment.

While Russia and England are becoming of one mind as to their territorial schemes, China is likely to become more and more divided.

Yankee ideas are taking root in Cuba, and that is an extremely hopeful sign. The people may some day be induced to forget that there is a to-morrow.

It took some time to exchange Senors du Bos and Polo for Duke de Arcos, but it is believed that the United States is getting the best end of the bargain.

They have a new thing in parasols, that fastens on the woman's shoulder. But the woman will find some way to use it to dig out the eye of the man behind her.

A telegraph operator has just been rewarded for a deed of courage done in the course of the civil war. We have given up delaying honor to whom honor is due nowadays.

Twenty-six thousand Chicagoans lately turned out at an exhibition of the national game. Evidently if the sport is going to die in that city it will be crushed to death.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, the famous daughter of Salmon P. Chase and the wife of Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, has been given a place as clerk in the Treasury Department. Life has indeed ups and downs in it.

The Humanitarian says the mean age of a maiden on marriage in 1883 was 21.9 years, and that in 1897 it had risen to 23.8. If this continues to rise in the same proportion another decade no maiden will ever attain the marriageable age.

The Cubans take to baseball like ducks to water. They display the greatest interest in the umpire, and usually when the crowd gets through with him that official thinks that he has been in a bull-fight in the capacity of Taurus.

Wireless telegraphy has had a new demonstration of usefulness in its trial by the captain of a British lightship, who used it after ordinary signals had failed to notify the shore authorities of the danger threatening his vessel. Marconi will be one of the great names of the decade.

Even greater than the injury wrought by spectacular weddings is the demoralizing effect of secret proceedings like those attending the Sloane divorce suit. Nothing can be more menacing to the stability of society and to the maintenance of wholesome respect for the laws than suffering the impression to get abroad that there is discrimination between the rich and the poor in the administration of justice.

Two Spanish governments dragged their country into disastrous war against the will of the Queen Regent. Then two Spanish governments in turn shirked the responsibility of ratifying the treaty of peace. They feared the odium that might attach thereto, and preferred to let it fall upon the Queen Regent. That heroic woman did not fear it. She unhesitatingly ratified the treaty, from which Cortes and ministers shrank; and instead of incurring odium she has gained the confidence of the nation and the honor of the world.

Emperor William is said to have laughed heartily over that bit of doggerel, "Myself und Gott." If this be true, then the young Emperor has more sense than he has been credited with. No man's condition is hopeless who has a sense of the ridiculous in good working order. It is the one quality which puts things into their due proportion, and thus enables them to discriminate and arrive at sound conclusions. Humor is the surest test of a healthy mind. It is to the mind what digestion is to the body. It is to be regretted that so many of the Emperor's subjects and so many German-American's are destitute of this sense of the ridiculous. They are too serious, sedate and matter-of-fact. They lack the most important and saving quality of the *Zeitgeist*.

The recent posthaste marriage of Perry Belmont and Mrs. Sloane, four hours after Mr. Sloane had obtained his divorce, is a strong argument for uniformity in the divorce laws of the

States. The decree obtained in New York forbade Mrs. Sloane to marry again while Mr. Sloane was living. Of course no clergyman in New York would have taken it upon himself to violate the prohibition. The obstacle was removed by going to Connecticut, where \$50 greenback promptly secured the license and another greenback of unknown denomination secured the clergyman, who made Mr. Belmont and Mrs. Sloane one in spite of the laws of New York. The outcome of this "continuous marriage show" may not be all the participants could desire. Even if they should become residents of New York again their marriage would not be legal in that State, nor would the Connecticut marriage be of any avail if a civil suit involving property rights should come up at any time. But there is no likelihood that a suit for criminal prosecution would ever be entered, as would have been the case had there been a uniform law enforcing a prohibition of this kind in every State.

Owing to a vigorous agitation by the physicians and newspapers of Dresden against lacing, the minister of education of Saxony has forbidden all girls and young women attending the public schools of that kingdom to wear corsets. The incident would be mildly amusing if it were not for the principle involved. If the government is permitted to regulate an article of dress, there is no certainty what will be its next interference with the liberty of citizens. Official encroachments upon individual rights grow and extend as people yield to them, and the denunciation of the corset to-day may mean another step toward sumptuary laws to-morrow until there might be left to the subject no liberty or action that was disapproved by the king. It is not essential to disprove the accusations made against the corset. Even if its use were as harmful as some physicians say it is, the government has no right to forbid women to wear it. Those who favor it are entitled to put their preferences in practice so long as they do not thereby endanger the health of others. The edict of the minister mentioned seems to indicate that there is an excessive tendency toward paternalism in government in Saxony.

The name of the late Justin Smith Morrill, born April 14, 1810, and for thirty-two years a United States Senator from Vermont, will ever be associated with those successive acts of Congress by which nearly ten millions of acres of public lands have been divided between the States and Territories for the establishment of "colleges of agriculture and mechanics."

Forty-eight such institutions are gradually getting into shape, and it is the day of small things. Yet fifteen hundred teachers are giving instruction to nearly thirty thousand students.

These institutions are not merely technical or industrial training schools. They are to be genuine colleges, centers of comprehensive higher education, with a minimum of the classics to be sure, yet with full and elective courses of literary and scientific study. These will include advanced mathematics, some measure of philosophy, and one or more of the modern languages, with particular attention to English. As in other young colleges, there will be a gradual advance in the standard of entrance examinations. In some cases there is now a preparatory department. The leading object will be to connect intelligence with industry; to give to the sons of farmers and mechanics an inexpensive opportunity to fit themselves for "complete life" and for practical pursuits, without restricting their choice of a career. Model farms, workshops and laboratories will be added to libraries as a part of the educational apparatus, and domestic science will be taught and exemplified as the scheme develops. At present about one-fifth of the students are women. Senator Morrill and his fellow-promoters of this vast enterprise have planted for a long future. It is a grand stroke of statesmanship to make the land nourish its citizens; to elevate and dignify labor by making it certain that the hand that toils shall be guided by a brain that thinks. These institutions, founded by national boundary and committed to the separate States, should not be limited by the name "agricultural," for they are intended to foster our mechanical, manufacturing and mining interests as well. Most of all, unless grossly perverted, it will be their beautiful function to bring all natural and applied science into line with the highest ideals of character and culture, and thus to deepen and broaden the foundations of civilization itself.

Her Maj's Plate. The plate at Windsor is stated to be of the value of £1,800,000. It includes a gold service ordered by George IV., which will hold 140 persons, and one of the finest wine-coolers in the world, added to the collection by the same monarch; a shield formed of snuff-boxes worth £9,000, and thirty dozen plates worth £10,000. There is also a variety of pieces brought from abroad and India. The latter include a peacock made of precious stones of every description, worth £30,000, and Tippoo's foot-stool, a tiger's head with crystal teeth and a solid ingot of gold for his tongue.

London's Low Death Rate.

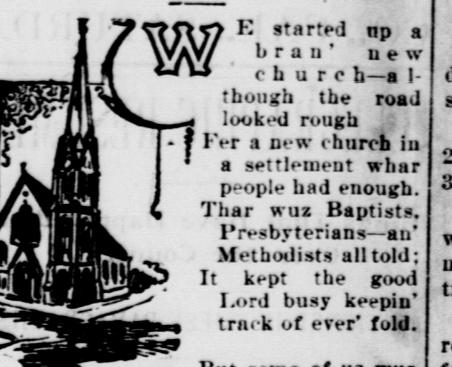
It is truly wonderful that London's vast population of 6,291,667, located on only 633 square miles, should have in 1897 so low a death rate as 17.7 per 1,000. This rate, remarks the Lancet, is not greater than that of a fairly healthy rural district.

Maine Canoes Sent to Asia. Bangor manufacturers are sending canoes of birch and canvas to Palestine, Japan and China.

CHAT OF THE CHURCH.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

News Notes from All Lands Regarding Their Religious Thought and Movement — What the Great Denominations Are Doing.



W E started up a bran' new churc-h al-tho the road looked rough.

For a new church in a settlement whar people had enough. Thar wuz Baptists, Presbyterians—an' Methodists all told; It kept the good Lord busy keepin' track of ever' fold.

But some of us wuz sartin that a new church arter be.

Though salvation, like the rivers, wuz a-flowin' full an' free.

We took the middle of the street an' talked it up an' down.

That the great need o' the nation wuz another church in town!

The Methodists said: "Come with us, an' happy will you go."

The Baptists said: "We'll take you in, an' wash you white as snow."

The Presbyterians sorter laid the others in the shade.

An' told us that they'd save us from the time the world wuz made!

But we'd done decided on it, that a new church had to rise.

With a bran' new bell, an' steeple p'intin' people to the skies.

We held a fair, to help it on—served ice cream night an' day.

An' raffled off more roses than the gals could tote away!

But the strangest part of all wuz this:

The Baptists helped us 'long.'

The Presbyterians took a hand an' jined the swellin' song!

The Methodists come troopin' in—a-workin' with the crowd,

An' shell'd their shiny dollars out, an' shouted long an' loud!

An' the new church riz in glory! All they wanted fer to know

Wuz, 'would seek the Rock of Ages,

"when the stormy tempests blow."

We differ'd some on doctrine—in the ways it wuz expressed;

But we all agreed that Canaan wuz a first-class place to rest!

Now, the Baptist brother comes along an' takes us by the hand;

He knows that we air steerin' fer the same sweet promised land;

The Methodist shouts "Glory!" an' the Presbyterian—he

Knows the Lights air shinin' fer us from the green shores 'cross the sea.

For no matter how we wander—though the ways air wide an' dim,

We'll all reach home together ef we're only one in Him.

An' we'll know each other better when the strifes an' storms air past.

An' the happy Lights of Canaan lead us safely home at last!

—Atlanta Constitution.

OUR LIFE-MELODY.

"There is no music in a rest, but there is the making of music in it." In our whole life-melody the music is broken off here and there by "tests," and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the time. God sends a time of forced leisure—sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts—and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent, and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. How does the musician read the rest? See him beat the time with unvarying count and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come in between.

Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the time, and not be dismayed at the "tests." They are not to be shunned over, nor to be omitted, nor to destroy the melody, nor to change the key-note. If we look up God himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on him, we shall strike the next note full and clear. If we say sadly to ourselves, "There is no music in a rest," let us not forget "there is the making of music in it." The making of music is often a slow and painful process in life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long he waits for us to learn the lesson!

Two Spanish governments dragged their country into disastrous war against the will of the Queen Regent. Then two Spanish governments in turn shirked the responsibility of ratifying the treaty of peace. They feared the odium that might attach thereto, and preferred to let it fall upon the Queen Regent. That heroic woman did not fear it. She unhesitatingly ratified the treaty, from which Cortes and ministers shrank; and instead of incurring odium she has gained the confidence of the nation and the honor of the world.

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Maine Canoes Sent to Asia. Bangor manufacturers are sending canoes of birch and canvas to Palestine, Japan and China.

ravenous beast shall go up there, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." To bring about that day we are not called upon to be ideal, to dream away our time, to slumber in selfish contemplation; we are rather summoned to activity, to discipline, to suffering. Every man should feel as if the dawning of that day depended upon his individual exertions.

The World Around.

There are 3,750,000 persons in London who never enter a place of worship.

The Wesleyan Methodist Church has 2,355 preaching places and maintains 363 mission stations.

The Salvation Army has provided a wood yard and a free labor bureau for needy applicants in the Klondike district.

A lady who has withheld her name recently gave \$50,000 as an endowment fund to the First Presbyterian Church of New York.

The American Bible Society has issued a pamphlet giving a verse from the Bible in the 242 languages in which the society circulates the Bible.

Will the number of children and youth in the United States is 21,082,472, the total enrollment of American Sunday schools is but 9,718,432.

Mr. Sagrado, formerly vicar apostolic of the Soudan, has been instructed by the Pope to re-establish the Catholic missions which existed there before the Mahdi's usurpation.

Of the 109,020 inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands 44,000 are Confucians, Buddhists and Shintos, that have come in from China and Japan, being imported in the guise of labor. The population was largely Christian before.

The Sisters of St. John the Baptist is one of the best known religious communities for women in the American Episcopal Church. The mother house is situated at Stuyvesant square, New York, and a summer home is maintained in the Catskill Mountains.

The international council of Congregationalists will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Sept. 20-28. Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D. D., of Brooklyn, has been invited to be the President. The sermon will be preached by Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford.

A launch bearing the name of Christopher Endeavor, built of steel, was recently dedicated by the Golden Gate Christian Endeavor Union at San Francisco. The launch has seating capacity for fifty persons and a speed of twelve miles an hour. It is to be used in visiting vessels in the bay, carrying persons to hold religious services.

DRUGGISTS' SUPPLIES COSTLY.

Valuable Remedies for Which Patients Pay Dearly.

When the convalescent is apt to grow irritated over the exorbitant size of his druggist's bill let him remember that his prescriptions may have contained some grains of metallic gallium and that metallic gallium costs \$100 per pound. A pound avoirdupois contains about 7,000 grains and, according to the druggist's ratio, a single grain will cost something over \$14. Needless to say, however, metallic gallium is not generally common as a drug. It is kept only in limited quantities in the drug stores and is a mineral drug discovered by a German chemist and is unobtainable in this country. Probably the most expensive drugs always on hand in the drug store are the alkaloids and the salts of alkaloids from vegetable drugs. Curarine costs at \$1 per grain, curarite at 90 cents, muscarine nitrate at 40 cents. The interesting history of drugs shows that the most insignificant weeds and flowers often furnish matter for the most powerfully effective medicines. Modern drug lists are compiled by the leading chemists of Europe and America and the annual discoveries of chemists all over the world are considered. Even the concoctions of the old medicine man are taken into account and the remedies of the Chinese and other orientals. In Europe 4,200 species of plants are gathered and used for selling purposes. One-tenth of these have an agreeable perfume and enter largely into the manufacture of soaps and perfumes. White flowers are the common blossoms employed in the manufacture of drugs, the number reaching 1,124, a goodly list.

Wendell Phillips and the Mob.

I recall now a scene in Tremont Temple just before the breaking out of our civil war, says Julia Ward Howe, in the Atlantic. An anti-slavery meeting had been announced and a scheme had been devised to break it up. As I entered I met Mrs. Chapman, who said: "These are times in which anti-slavery people must stand by each other." On the platform were seated a number of prominent abolitionists. Mr. Phillips was to be the second speaker, but when he stepped forward to address the meeting a perfect hubbub arose in the gallery. Shrieks, howls and catcalls resounded. Again and again the great orator essayed to speak. Again and again his voice was drowned by the general uproar. I sat near enough to hear him say with a smile, "Those boys in the gallery will soon tire themselves out." And so, indeed, it befel. After a delay which appeared to some of us endless, the noise subsided and Wendell Phillips, still in the glory of his strength and manly beauty, stood up before the house and soon held all present spellbound by the magic of his speech.

A medical student recently shot a patient. The mere fact that he resorted to firearms proves conclusively that he wasn't a full-fledged doctor.

THE UNITED STATES A POWER FOR GOOD.

A distinguished historian writes, while referring to our advent as a colonizing power, that our influence for good over European spheres will be immense. This result was just as inevitable as is the one which follows the use of Hostetler's Stomach Bitters. It cures indigestion, constipation, and tones up the whole system.

Lots of folks would avoid many mistakes in grammar if they talked just a little less.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and blisters. It has been the secret for discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 3,000 testimonial. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package, FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

How few of us there are who can do anything real well!

Life to a Lazy Liver!

Lazy, leaden livers cause nine tenths of all deaths. Give your liver life with Cascarets Candy Cathartic and save your own life! All druggists, 10c., 25c., 50c.

A fellow never feels as foolish as when mixing in conversation he knows nothing about.

If COLUMBUS BUGGY COMPANY'S vehicles are not carried in stock by your local dealer, write to A. G. & J. Q. GLENN, Columbus Repository, Pacific Coast headquarters, 1321-1323-1325 Market St., S. F., for our illustrated catalogue and further information. New Elegant Repository replete with latest styles.

Your Grocer sells Kleeno Washing Powder.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only panacea known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for a lot of testimonials.

Addressee, H. H. HENRY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE LTD., 860 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1895.

Ask for Kleeno Washing Powder.

Wood Compressed by Water.

"Have you ever seen a bit of wood that you couldn't burn?" said an old sea captain to me the other day.

"Why, lots," I replied, "the brier root, for instance—at least, if it's good—ironwood, too, and one or two others."

"I don't mean those," he said. "But have you ever seen a lot of common deal that had no effect on it?" He pulled from his pocket a morsel of what looked like white Norwegian deal and handed it to me. I was surprised at the weight. "Put it in the gas flame," he said.

I did so, but beyond blackening of the surface there was no effect.

"That bit of wood," went on the skipper, "was part of the gunwale of one of my boats. We were whaling in the South seas and harpooned a big right whale off the Cape of Good Hope. The creature sounded, the rope fouled and the boat was carried down. Probably it was taken half a mile or more below the surface. The whale rose again and was killed, and a portion of the boat was recovered from the line which still hung to it. It was the pressure of the water hardened it like that."

A Famous Milestone.

One of the oldest milestones is to be seen in the museum at Leicester, England. It is a cylindrical block of sandstone, roughly inscribed with an abbreviated statement to the effect that it was erected during the emperorship of Caesar Hadrian, son of Trajan, conqueror of Parthia. It also says, "To Leicester, Two Miles." The Hadrian milestone was discovered over a century ago beside the ancient Foss Way and narrowly escaped being converted into a lawn roller by the unromantic and practical finder.

Well Framed.

"You're the very picture of health. 'Yea, and I'm in a contented frame of mind."—Chicago Tribune.

"Better Be Wise Than Rich."

Wise people are also rich when they know a perfect remedy for all annoying diseases of the blood, kidneys, liver and bowels. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is perfect in its action—so regulates the entire system as to bring vigorous health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

IS YOUR HEALTH BROKEN?

Thousands of people are suffering untold miseries because of the poor condition of their blood—are in almost continuous agony.

Moore's Revealed Remedy

will cure them—will do it quickly and painlessly as it has cured thousands of others. \$1.00 per bottle at your druggist's.

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WAS EASY ON LOSERS

'OLD HUTCH' AND HIS GREAT WHEAT CORNER.

Veteran Speculator Was Not After "Lame Ducks"—Wanted to Squeeze the "Smart Guys" Who Had Been Trying to Down Him.

Two days before settling day wheat touched \$1.25. The pit was wild with excitement, but "Old Hutch" remained in his favorite chair, tilted back against one of the posts, calm and indifferent. Frenzied men crowded about him and implored, begged and demanded to know where the advance would stop. For all of them Mr. Hutchinson had the same answer:

"Come in and settle, boys. September wheat will bring \$1.50 to-morrow, and \$2 on settling day."

"To-morrow" came, and wheat was bid up to \$1.50, with speculators tumbling over one another to get it at that price. Through the tumult Mr. Hutchinson sat unmoved. He was the only man in all that howling crowd who had grain to sell, and he didn't see fit to let go of it. The closing bell found brokers clamoring about him with offers to buy at \$1.50, but he ignored them.

"It will be \$2 to-morrow, boys," was all he would say.

And it was. The mark the old man had set was reached, and he settled at that figure with such of the losers as were obstinate and had not already come into camp. Reports vary as to what he cleared on the squeeze, the figures generally accepted being between \$2,500,000 and \$3,750,000. At the same time Mr. Hutchinson was careful to avoid severe pressure on any of the "good fellows." Among his close friends at that time was Columbus A. Orvis. During the last days of the corner Mr. Orvis heard of a number of their mutual friends who had been caught in the squeeze. In every instance he would go to "Old Hutch" and say:

"Old—" is short about 50,000, and is hit hard. Let up on him, Hutchinson for old times' sake."

"Sure. Make any kind of settlement you please with him. I don't want to hurt anybody."

In other instances old friends who scented a safe profit in the squeeze wanted to get into the market, but were unable to get buying orders accepted. Nobody but Hutchinson had wheat for sale. Every man of this class who applied directly to Mr. Hutchinson was accommodated. In a number of cases he let them have wheat at \$1 and \$1.25 in 25,000 and 50,000 bushel lots, and they turned it over within a couple of days at \$1.50 and \$2.

"I'm not after the lame ducks," Hutchinson said. "I hope every one of 'em will make money. The chaps I'm gunning for are those smart guys who have been trying to down me, and I'm going to get them. Lord, how I'll make them howl!"

He did. The losers howled so loud that the echoes of their cries were heard in the Board of Trade corridors for months. Unlike most corners, the bottom did not drop out of the market when the September deal was settled. Prices held up away into October, and weeks after Mr. Hutchinson had taken his profits and pulled out traders were afraid to sell short lest the ghost of "Old Hutch" should pop up as a buyer.

Under the stern exterior, the appearance of which was increased by his rugged hook-nose, sharp features, and severely plain clothes, "Old Hutch" had a warm, kindly heart. He was devoted to children and was never so happy as when entertaining a party of little ones, which he frequently did at his office or club. People in financial distress always found in him a generous friend, especially those who were caught in the maelstrom of speculation. Nor were his charities in this line confined to his immediate associates. He assisted even those who were opposed to him in trade. It is told of him that on one occasion a friend found him stamping about his office in a great rage. The news had just reached him of the impending failure of a trader for whom he had a strong dislike.

What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read:

"Oblige me this morning by blowing away till I give you a signal to stop. Miss Allen."

Least Worked Officer Aboard Ship.

Two bluejackets were once overheard arguing as to who had the least work to do on board a man-of-war.

"It's the parson," said one.

"'Ow d'y'e make that out?" queried the other.

"'Co'se 'e's got no work to do, and all day to do it in."

"You ain't quite got it, Bill," retorted his friend, while an inspired grin illuminated his features. "It ain't the parson; it's the cap'n o' marines."

"'Ow's that?"

"Well, as you say, the parson's got no work to do, and all day to do it in; but the cap'n o' marines 's nothing to do and all day to do it in, and 's a lewtent o' marines to 'elp 'im to do it!"

Behalf of the Little Ones.

In a hospital in New York is hung a card of directions that every mother should learn by heart, for then certainly a lot of unnecessary suffering would be spared some helpless little ones. The card read: "Be careful not to cut and trim the children's nails too short. Do not expose the quick before the nail."

"Comb the hair gently and do not jerk out the tangles."

"Watch the soap does not chap the skin."

"Be sure the shoes and stockings are fully long enough not to cramp the toes."

Poverty.

Dire poverty confronted them.

"And there is nothing in the house for dinner?" he faltered.

The young wife burst into tears.

"No, and I don't know how to get breakfast and lunch except with what is left over from dinner!" she sobbed.

In this terrible moment her cooking school diploma, looking down at them from its gilded frame, seemed almost to mock them.—Detroit Journal.

Death makes the widow, but the spinster is maid before.

With a population of 50,000,000, having in 1871 lost 143,000 lives by small-pox, she found by her law of 1874 the mortality diminished so rapidly that today the disease numbers only 116 victims a year. These cases, moreover, occur almost exclusively on her frontier. If it were true, Professor Bizzozero went on to say, that a good vaccination does not protect from small-pox, we ought to find in small-pox epidemics that the disease diffuses itself in the well-vaccinated no less than in the nonvaccinated countries. But it is not so. In 1870-71, during the Franco-German war, the two peoples interpenetrated each other, the German having its civil population vaccinated optionally, but its army completely revaccinated, while the French (population and army alike) were vaccinated perfunctorily. Both were attacked by small-pox; but the French army numbered 23,000 deaths by it, while the German army had only 278; and in the same tent, breathing the same air, the French wounded were heavily visited by the disease, while the German wounded, having been revaccinated, had not a single case.

CLEVER MILITARY TRICK.

The Stratagem by Which Sir Francis Vere Defeated the Spanish.

When Philip II debated the question of coercing with fire and sword the Dutchmen, who did not like the taxes which they themselves did not vote, the Duke of Alva counseled violent measures, for in his eyes the rebels were only "men of butter." Nevertheless he found that these men, so fond of cows and hens, could hold his veterans at bay, finally overcome them in the field, and after 80 years leave poor Spain "a broken backed tiger."

Indeed in time of war country folk with baskets of eggs and butter excited no suspicion even to alert sentinels. Taking advantage of this fact, Sir Francis Vere determined to recapture from the Spaniards the Zutphen sconces, or forts, by a stratagem. In 1591 he picked out some lusty and handsome young soldiers and dressed most of them like the Gelderland egg women and the rest as Boers. With bundles of vegetables, baskets of eggs and butter, also with daggers and pistols inside their clothes, they were ferried across the river by twos and threes. They sat near the gate of the fort being already, at the break of day, chatting and gesticulating, as if in some tremendous argument about the rise or fall of market prices.

Then, according to arrangement, Vere sent some cavalry forward, as if approaching, and the pretended country people ran in feigned terror toward the fort. The gates were at once thrown open to receive them. They all streamed in, threw off their disguises, and in a few minutes were in possession of the fort of the town, where the gallant Sir Philip Sidney afterward lost his life by being more rash and less shrewd than the veteran Vere.—Harper's Bazaar.

STEEP GAME OF POKER.

Story a Montana Miner Tells of Newly Elected Senator From His State.

A Montana miner recently in New York told the following capital poker story when he fell to musing over the elegant home which Senator Clark, of Montana, is building on upper 5th avenue: "Do you know that Clark used to be a pretty stiff poker player in his day," said he. "He was in that little game in Butte which has since become famous all over the country. Haven't heard of it? Well, it's old, but it's good.

"As I was a saying, Clark used to sit in the little game in the Silver Bow Club, up in Granite street. He generally played with Marcus Daly, Haggard, Hearst or some one of those big fellows, and they enjoyed themselves. On one occasion a New York drummer dropped into the club while the game was on. He had a card with a two weeks' run on the club. Well, he see Daly, Haggard, Clark and another fellow sitting in the game and he sashays over, pertlike, 'n' says:

"Well, gentlemen, any objection to my taking a hand?"

"'No,'" says the players, cheerfullike, "n' then this drummer he pulls out a thick roll and peels off a hundred dollar bill and chuckles it on the table. 'Gimme chips for that,' says he, and looks around, puffed up like. He goes 'n' hangs up his coat, 'n' when he comes back 'n' sits down there lays that bill.

"'What's the matter, gentlemen?' he says, huffylike. 'Ain't my money good?'

"'Why, yes, to be sure,' says Marcus Daly. 'Clark, give the gentleman one white chip.'

"Well, that gentleman from the effects East he nearly drops dead, he does, 'n' he goes out to get some of the mounting air. Yes, the Senator's a good one."

Keep Blowing Away.

A young lady organist in a church in Colorado was somewhat captivated by the young pastor of a church in the next street, and was delighted to hear one week that by an exchange he was to preach the next Sunday in her own church. The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough.

This day the organist was anxious that all should go well; and as the service was about to begin she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eye. He took it, and in spite of her agonized beckonings carried it straight to the preacher.

What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read:

"Oblige me this morning by blowing away till I give you a signal to stop. Miss Allen."

Least Worked Officer Aboard Ship.

Two bluejackets were once overheard arguing as to who had the least work to do on board a man-of-war.

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"'Ow d'y'e make that out?" queried the other.

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"Just as I feel when I get within sight of my home at night ten minutes late and suddenly remember that my wife wanted me to hustle out early as she had arranged for a dinner party."

"Just as I feel when I get within sight of my home at night ten minutes late and suddenly remember that my wife wanted me to hustle out early as she had arranged for a dinner party."

Satisfactory Result.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1895.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI CONGRESS.

At the session of the Trans-Mississippi Congress recently held at Wichita, Kansas, the question of the reclamation of lands in the arid region of the United States was thoroughly threshed out. The Congress divided into two factions over the question of retention of the arid lands by the United States on the one side and their cession to the respective States and Territories in which such lands are situated on the other. Fortunately for the best interests of all concerned, the policy of the National Irrigation Congress was finally adopted, which policy favors the retention of these lands by the general government and the construction under government supervision of vast storage reservoirs in the mountains to provide water for the purpose of transforming arid wastes into arable and productive districts. Much credit for this result in the Trans-Mississippi Congress is due to Hon. George H. Maxwell of California, who has come to be regarded as an authority on the great subject of reclamation of arid land by irrigation.

TIMOTHY GUY PHELPS.

On Sunday last the Hon. Timothy Guy Phelps died at his home near San Carlos, in this county, from the effects of injuries received by him on Memorial Day, at which time he was run down and fatally injured by two bare-brained cyclists who were scorching down Mission road on a tandem bike. The death of Mr. Phelps is a great loss not alone to his family and friends, but to the people of this county and to the entire State of California as well. For forty years a resident of this State, he has filled many high positions of honor and trust, among which may be named those of Representative in the Legislature, Collector of the Port of San Francisco and Chairman of the Board of Regents of the State University.

Speaking of the Nicaragua canal, the Scientific American remarks that Congress cannot act until the new canal commission has investigated both the Nicaragua and Panama routes, and adds, "it will probably be a couple of years before the final report of this Commission can be made the subject of legislation." At the time the canal bill was pending before Congress last winter, the Scientific American threw the weight of its influence into the scale in favor of the Panama as against the Nicaragua route, which means that it is opposed to any inter-oceanic canal. This great enterprise certainly has enemies enough. There are the transcontinental railroads, the Panama syndicate, Great Britain and the Hon. Thos. B. Reed of Maine. Its only friend is the American people.

We have received a little pamphlet containing an address delivered by the Rev. C. R. Brown before the "Sons of the American Revolution" in San Francisco, on the last anniversary of Washington's birthday, ostensibly upon the subject of "The Ride of Paul Revere." The speech contains a little of Paul Revere, a good deal concerning Brown and the Brown family, together with three entire pages, devoted to a condemnation of the war our brave American soldiers are waging in the Philippines.

The Sons of the American Revolution upon being requested to print the speech for distribution, honored their sires by declining.

The first number of the first volume of "The Buckeye" dropped in our sanctum the other day and being picked up instead of a species of horse-chestnut, we found our visitor to be the mouthpiece of an aggregation of the human family known as the "Ohio Man." We also found by a closer inspection of this new organ that

"the Ohio man" in California numbers between 35000 and 40000 units, which it is proposed to unite in one great irresistible body to be known as "The Ohio Society of California," a consummation devoutly to be dreaded, and from which "may the good Lord deliver us." The Buckeye "has come" and the native sons and everybody else's sons may as well submit to the inevitable.

EUREKA!

The tariff is responsible for the trusts. The San Francisco Examiner says so on the authority of Henry Havemeyer, head of the gigantic sugar trust, and that seals and settles the question. No back talk permitted.

Mexico's output of gold for the current year is estimated at \$12,000,000. Another increase in Mexico's gold product and Porfirio Diaz will enact "the crime of '73" in his dominions.

Germany's \$5,000,000 for the remnants of Spain's island possessions is no reflection upon Uncle Sam's \$20,000,000 investment in the Philippines.

Admiral Dewey has declined the gift of a home in favor of his gallant men.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The presidents of two American life insurance companies receive salaries of \$100,000 per year each. The writer of this is an investor in one of the insurance companies which pays this outrageous salary to its president, and he does not consent to it, and believes it to be a thief, pure and simple. Before officers of life insurance companies talk about states "holding them up," they should get rid of the robbers among themselves.—Atchison (Kansas) Globe.

POOR PEPPER, THE PATRIOT.

Poor Pepper, the late Pop-Prohibition prophet, is threatened with trouble, not by the first, but by the last named.

The chairman of the Prohibition party, of which Pepper was the late nominee for governor, has called a meeting of the central committee of that organization for the purpose of flaying the old Republican reprobate alive. The chairman quotes 2 Peter 2:32 on our returned prodigal, who is described as the "dog turned to his own vomit, as the sow that is washed to her own wallowing in the mire." It is probably not for a Republican to say, but if the Pop party ever boasted brains, it was in Pepper; if the Prohibition party ever had virtue, they lost it in losing that monument of patriarchal whiskers and patriotism.—Wichita (Kansas) Eagle.

THE FISH COMMISSION EXPEDITION.

The United States Fish Commission is about to send out one of the most extensive scientific expeditions ever arranged by the Commission. The expedition will sail on the "Albatross" in charge of Prof. Agassiz to explore portions of the Pacific Ocean. Some of the islands to be visited are the Marshal, Society, Friendly, Fiji, and Gilbert groups. It is expected that the trip will require eight months and will leave San Francisco in August.—Scientific American.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

A circus crowd is always more fun than the circus itself.

When people find they can turn a man's head, they keep on turning until they get it twisted off.

The penalty fame brings to a man is that every girl he ever treated to ice cream claims to have once jilted him.

As soon as a man gets a little money saved up, some of his folks have trouble, and he has to spend it on a relief expedition to save them.—Atchison Globe.

Making Steel Pens.

Briefly described, steel pens are made as follows: First the steel is rolled into big sheets and then cut into strips about three inches in width. The strips are heated to a bright red and are then allowed to cool gradually, which tempers them. They are next rolled to the necessary thinness and are cut into blank flat pens, and the pens, while flat, are usually stamped with the brand or the name of the manufacturer. To shape the pens is the next process. The rounding makes them hold the ink and distribute it more evenly than could be done if they were flat. To harden them they are heated to a cherry red and then suddenly cooled. This not only hardens them, but makes them elastic. The polishing, pointing and finishing come next, and then they are ready for use. The little holes in the pens at the end of the slits serve to make them more elastic and to facilitate the flow of the ink.

It is said that more steel is now used in the manufacture of pens than in that of swords. It is even claimed that the metal annually used in their manufacture weighs more than all the metal used in the manufacture of war implements.—Detroit Free Press.

Coarse kindness is at least better than coarse anger, and in all private quarrels the duller nature is triumphant by reason of its dullness.—George Eliot.

After a man has satisfied himself that it is right to tell a white lie he usually gets color blind.—Detroit Journal.

A WOMAN'S LIFE IN UTAH.

Some of the Mental Anguish That Is Caused by Polygamy.

No Mormon woman will talk from her heart to a stranger, notably and essentially when that person is a gentle, (in Mormondom, every one who is not a Mormon is a gentle,) for she knows by sad experience that this would but increase her sufferings. Of all sacrifices that have ever been exacted of the single, loving heart of true wife and mother in the name of religion, none can equal those of polygamy, which these women were taught would be practiced through all eternity, as it was "the celestial order of heaven," an eternal law.

Under its baneful influence a wife lived in the same house with her husband, surrounded by their children, a lonely, disconsolate woman. The confidence and respect that should have united their hearts, made one their interests, is first defiled and then destroyed. She early learns to be silent and observing. After their evening meal, if she sees her husband makes careful and elaborate a toilet as their circumstances permit, she dares not ask him where he is going. But that fear that ever abides in the heart of every Mormon wife eats, cankerlike, at her vitality.

She may try to drive these thoughts away, she may say to herself, "No; whatever other men may do, however they may deceive their wives, my husband will be honest and true. He will not deceive me." Upalmost to the hour that she is expected to go to the "endowment house" and place the hand of the second wife in that of her husband she gives her hungry soul this soothing balm. But ultimately she must awaken to the fact that no man can practice polygamy without becoming a hypocrite. Many of these women believe, or try to believe, that polygamy is a revelation from God and consequently must be obeyed.

But if any gentle woman will try to think how she would feel if her husband were to tell her that he is soon to bring into their home a second wife to usurp her place in the family circle, share her husband's affection, come between her and the man who had been her all in all for so many years, that woman will have arrived at a full, perfect, exact comprehension of what a Mormon woman suffers.—Arena.

An Original Suicide.

Whether it was Voltaire or some other observing, meditative Frenchman who said, "All Frenchmen are actors, and the worst are usually on the stage," does not particularly matter for the subject in hand. While we have reason to be sure of the correctness of the final part of the aphorism, we have not time to show why we do not agree with the last. It is not a scene at the assizes that we are going to describe, although scenes worthy of the Opera Comique are constantly presented there. It is a suicide.

A well dressed gentleman descended the Quai des Tuilleries and, seating himself beside a man who was fishing, lit a cigar. He then offered one to his neighbor and plunged into the river, cigar, cane, silk hat and all. The fisherman, who was quick to recover from his astonishment, plunged after him, but the first struck out and swam away. The other regained the bank in disgust.

The former shortly returned and, while treading water before his temporary acquaintance, tossed him a handful of goldpieces. At the approach of a number of persons the strange man produced another handful of coins, which he swallowed and, diving under the water, did not reappear. His body was found five hours later, and, as there was nothing discovered by which to establish his identity, it was taken to the morgue.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Stenographer's Feat.

Concerning the stenographic prowess of the late Thomas Allen Reed a correspondent sends a curious anecdote. The late shorthand writer was once on professional business in Liverpool and staid in the same hotel as Charles Mathews, the actor. The latter had appeared in "My Awful Dad," and after the performance he strode into the smoking room. Having heard of Mr. Reed's expertness as a note taker, Mathews challenged the reporter to jot down certain passages from the character of Puff in Richard Brinsley Sheridan's "Critic."

Reed expressed his willingness to have a try. Mathews, who was one of the best "patter" speakers on the stage, began to gabble the lines with startling rapidity, and the other strained every nerve to follow him. When the test was finished, Reed, whose notes, despite the terrific speed at which he had been writing, were of neat and eligible outline merely inserted vowel marks or two and handed them to an assistant who was called into the room, and who transcribed the characters with but few mistakes, backward! "I should hardly have thought it possible, Mr. Reed!" was the astonished Charles Mathews' comment.—London Telegraph.

His Nice Way Out.

"And is this the first time you have experienced the sensation of love?" she asked.

"It is," he replied.
"Am I the first girl you ever told you loved?" she persisted.

He hesitated. What might not have come to her ears? "You must remember," he said at last, "how easy it is for the ignorant and uninformed to accept a base imitation for the real thing."—Chicago Post.

You Play the Clarinet?

Thousands of people are learning to play the piano. There is no demand for piano players; indeed, in some places they are prohibited. But there is a demand for clarinet players. A good clarinet player is always in demand and makes good wages. Why don't some of the foolish people take clarinet lessons?—Atchison Globe.

THE MAGIC LAMP.

Neath a moonlit sky in the days gone by, As the ballads of old relate, When a lad was bold and his lady shy He would wait at the postern gate. For she feared as he summited her drowsy lay.

He would waken the sirs that slept; So she fastened her casement, hid in spray, And out to the postern crept.

Now, I know not that postern gate of yore, I see not the casement's light, But I've watched with the crowd at the dingy door That leads to a stage bedight.

The hoofs of the manager's horses stamp, For they long for the great man's "Home!" While the others must wait by the guttering lamp.

Like the poor at the gates of Rome.

The fairy who danced in the spangled dress Must change, for the night wind's cold, though I fear she loses her comeliness In her overcoat warmly rolled.

It's sometimes a mother that waits this same Great goddess who charmed the shrine, And you hear with a shudder her Christian name Pronounced as "Matilda Jine."

And it's sometimes a youth with a big cigar And a hat at an evil rake.

It's a young who is feared by Matilda's "mar;" Hence she comes for Matilda's sake.

He is dressed in a vast Newmarket "sack," Where the scaming is overlaid, And the goddess familiarly calls him "Jack;" For she isn't a bit afraid.

And it's sometimes a dear little gallery boy, Who dreams in his dizzy heights.

It would be the hope of his highest joy To speak to the girls in the tights.

But the painted curtain falls, alas,

And the dances fade from view,

So he waits in the glare of the stage door gas.

To watch till his girl comes through.

—J. M. B. in Sketch.

And it's sometimes a blood little gallery boy.

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Who dreams in his dizzy heights.

It would be the hope of his highest joy

To speak to the girls in the tights.

But the painted curtain falls, alas,

And the dances fade from view,

So he waits in the glare of the stage door gas.

To watch till his girl comes through.

—J. M. B. in Sketch.

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TOWN NEWS.

A merchant tailor is needed in this town.
John Ingergrand of San Francisco was in town Monday.
A. L. Town of Redwood City paid our town a visit on Tuesday.
Dr. Wilcox, the dentist, is at the Linden for a couple of weeks.
Deputy Assessor Thomas Kelly was in town on official business Tuesday.
Several of our home subscribers remembered the Enterprise the past week.

There is a good opening in this town for a first-class house painter and paper hanger.

A. T. Show is kept busy at the lumber yard filling orders and delivering lumber.

Mr. Frank Miner has let the contract for his new residence to L. Medus.

Mrs. H. M. Hawkins and Mrs. Loomis are visiting Mrs. Hawkin's sister at Petaluma.

Charley Johnson is putting the finishing touches on his new building on Railroad avenue.

Mr. H. M. Hawkins attended the funeral of the late T. G. Phelps at San Carlos on Wednesday.

A large party of ladies of our town enjoyed a picnic excursion to Crystal Springs Lake on Friday.

Go to Kaufmann for boots and shoes and get the value of your cash besides keeping it at home.

Mrs. George R. Sneath entertained a large party of friends from San Jose at the Jersey Farm on Thursday.

Jack Kelly has removed from the Frank Martin cottage into Frank Nunes' recently completed cottage.

The Fourth of July is coming, as any one can see by a glance at the show windows at the People's Store.

Jack Kelly has removed from the Frank Martin cottage into Frank Nunes' recently completed cottage.

Mr. Butler says the brick yard will resume active operations within the next week or ten days with full force of men.

Casa-Ferrine Bitters is the only tonic-laxative discovered up to date. A real remedy. Try it. For sale at Holcomb's drug store.

The coyotes are perniciously active of late. Several raids have been made on chicken houses in the vicinity by these night-prowlers of late.

Master David Martin started for Tacoma and Seattle by steamer on Thursday for a six weeks visit among his relatives on the Sound.

The concrete men have completed the sidewalk in front of the Martin brick building and the building itself is about ready for occupancy.

Frank Martin of San Francisco, owner of the Martin cottages on Baden avenue, was in town on Wednesday and remembered The Enterprise.

Work will, we understand, commence about the first of next month on the grading for the race course. Men and teams will be in demand.

The plans for the grand stand at the new race course have been completed and bids for lumber for construction purposes invited by the Turf Association.

A party of government engineers visited our town last week and made a critical examination at the water-front and canal belonging to the Land and Improvement Company.

A meeting was held last Monday and the deal between the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company and the Western Turf Association for land for the new race course was closed.

Miss Laura Bettannier is, we are pleased to note, so far recovered as to be able to leave her bed. Miss Bettannier, in company with her mother, left on Thursday morning's train for her home at Redwood City.

The deadly "bike" is becoming as fatal to life as that murderous juggernaut, the dreadful trolley car. Let the recent ordinance of our board of supervisors, regulating this two-wheeled demon be rigidly enforced in this county.

Mr. D. O. Daggett and Mr. Frank Miner of this place attended the funeral of Hon. Timothy Guy Phelps, which took place from the residence of the deceased at San Carlos. Both Mr. Daggett and Mr. Miner were old friends of Mr. and Mrs. Phelps.

We notice with pleasure the success of our old fellow townsman H. B. Maggs as architect. Last Saturday's S. F. Chronicle mentioned under head of real estate news three large buildings to cost respectively \$50,000, \$20,000 and \$15,000 each, to be erected in San Francisco, of which Mr. Maggs is the architect.

Editor Enterprise: Progress Camp 425, Woodmen of the World, received eleven applications for membership in one week. Progress Camp has fifty members at the present time. The total amount of insurance carried by the members of Progress Camp is \$80,000.

A circle of the Women of Woodcraft will be organized in the near future.

V. H.

SEWER CONNECTION.

The extension of the sewers on Linden and Commercial avenues completes the sewer system of our young city from the central and most populous district from Miller to Commercial and from Cypress to Maple avenues, including all of blocks 123, 124, 125, 139, 140 and 141, and the northerly half of 122, the southerly half of 126 and 138. The extension made on Baden avenue

went to the residence of Charles Johnson, also accommodates a portion of block 118 and the easterly half of 117. In addition to this all of Grand avenue is sewer and Cypress north to California. The good work done by the Land and Improvement Company during the past twelve months is an assurance that all the promises of the company with regard to street improvements will be faithfully performed.

In this connection it will not come amiss to remind our property owners, and particularly those who have been active in agitating the sewer question and urging the company to put in these improvements without delay, that the property owners themselves are certainly under an obligation to make connection with the sewers now provided. There are a number of these property owners who have houses on the sewer streets who have failed thus far to make such connection. Let every property owner make connection with the sewer at once and then our town people will be in a position to ask the company to make further improvements.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Comprising the names of working-men and wage earners who have built or acquired homes in this town:

John Kennedy, Albert Gibson, M. F. Healy, R. W. Smith, J. L. Wood, Peter Lachele, Joseph Nessier, H. L. Kofoed, A. Neugebauer, Thos. O'Donnell, H. M. Hawkins, H. Moore, G. E. Daniel, George Wishing, Thos. Mason, M. Klotz, P. J. Lecan, W. Jepperson, V. Dervin, Wm. Hoppe, E. C. Collins, A. G. Bissett, George Dreissen, M. Foley, A. Sorenson, W. J. McCuen, James Goggin, Charles Johnson, Frank Nunes, L. Blanchette, F. O. Clawson, J. P. Newman, Charles Robinson, J. Fourcans.

Who'll be the next?

UNION COURSING PARK

The Stake Was Won by War Ship, a Fifty to One Shot.

THE TALENT WAS BADLY UPSET.

UNPRECEDENTED CONDITION OF AFFAIRS AT UNION PARK.

After War Ship Beat Young America He Was Made a Favorite in Every Course.

The talent was completely upset at Union Coursing Park Sunday. The stake was won by War Ship, a 50-to-1 shot, and in the semi-finals with him were Mercury, a 40-to-1 shot, and Benicia Boy, the runner-up, a 30-to-1 shot. Such a condition of affairs has never occurred in coursing here before.

War Ship won on his merits. He is well bred, his grandsire being the famous Skyscraper, but he has never been right before. Benicia Boy, who has been running well of late, was also up to a race. Mercury, always fast, was conditioned well.

The final was a great race. War Ship and Benicia Boy ran very close to the turn, when War Ship stumbled badly and was dazed for a short time. Benicia Boy scored a few turns along the fence, but luckily the hare was a strong one, and War Ship, getting placed, did some of the cleverest work ever seen at the park. He worked the hare for a series of wrenches and short turns completely smothering and preventing Benicia Boy from getting in. He continued to work it for twenty or more points to a kill.

After War Ship beat Young America in the morning he was made a favorite in every course, though meeting Innisfallen, Mac's Melody, who had shot her bolt, and Prince Hal. The latter dog was running better than ever at that. For Glory was good, but not quite up to Mercury. Santiago also performed well and was played heavily for the stake.

The second round of the stake formed the morning's programme, and it was full of surprises. No less than ten favorites were beaten in nineteen races. The greatest dump the talent got was when War Ship beat Young America, a 10-to-1 favorite. Young America had been slightly ill the night before—enough to weaken him a little—so that the grandson of Skyscraper showed a little more than equal speed with Young America, and getting the favor of the hare, killed in a straight run.

After an undecided St. Oran was made a 5-to-3 favorite over Mac's Melody, but he could not repeat and the bitch won easily. Susie was a 5-to-3 favorite over Crawford Braes. The hare favored the English bitch, and Susie tried to go around on an extreme outside circle, but failed.

Master Clair beat Soubrette at 2 to 1 shot, Petronius beat Sportsman at 5 to 3, Motto beat Glen Royal at 5 to 3, Lady Emma showed speed and beat Mercury May at 2 to 1 Mercury beat S. Michael at 5 to 3, Ski beat Pet Kirby at 5 to 3 and Magneto beat Olympus, all on the short end.

One of the heaviest betting courses of the day was that between Benicia Boy and Victor Queen, which the Boy won handily.—S. F. Chronicle.

A Young Diplomat.

"What are you laughing at?" exclaimed the schoolmaster.

"Please, sir," said the boy, "I'm laughing at how funny it would be if one of the boys put a bent pin on your chair and you discovered it before—before—in time, sir, and then whipped him."—Philadelphia North American.

YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM.

THIS WAS JOBSON'S CONCLUSION ABOUT WOMEN IN GENERAL.

It Was Prompted by a Midnight Experience With His Wife, in Which the Revenge That He Had Planned So Well Went Sadly Astray.

Mr. Jobson got home from his office at 4:15 one afternoon not long ago and found a note from Mrs. Jobson saying that she had gone to hear the performance of a long-haired pianist and that he'd find his dinner all ready for the girl to serve it.

"That's a good thing, too," mused Mr. Jobson sulkily when he had read the note. "It's a wonder these matress-headed geniuses that come over here to this country and rake in American dollars, hating Americans all the time, wouldn't call their game at an hour that 'd permit a toiling man's wife to be on hand at home to give him something to eat when he wants it," etc.

The opportunity was too good for Mr. Jobson to miss, so he declined to eat any dinner when the servant put it on the table. Instead he slammed on his hat and went down town.

He wanted to give Mrs. Jobson a lesson. He ate an unsatisfactory dinner at a restaurant and then poked around until it was time for a variety theater to open its doors. He had to watch a lot of poorly played billiard games in order to put in this time and to talk with a lot of bachelors, from whose ways of thinking he had departed.

He was bored exceedingly by theater time. The show bored him still more, but he stuck it out, for he wanted to get home as late as possible, the better to rub it in on Mrs. Jobson. By 11 o'clock he reflected that he had had a pretty poor sort of an evening—his evening paper unread, his favorite pipe neglected for a lot of cigars that gave him heartburn, a poor dinner, idle talk with a slew of men that he didn't want to talk to, and finally a tawdry, cheap variety performance that might have got a laugh out of him ten years before, but was only so much ribaldry to him now.

He took in a couple more billiard games, however, after the show and threw a couple of cocktails into himself, not because he cared to drink, but because he wanted Mrs. Jobson to smell his breath and thus perceive the awful consequences of her conduct.

Mrs. Jobson was comfortably tucked in bed when Mr. Jobson got home about half an hour after midnight. She had not even left a light burning in the vestibule or in the bedroom. She woke up very leisurely when Mr. Jobson started one of the gas jets going. She didn't say anything, however.

Mr. Jobson had expected to find her up, fully dressed and in tears. He was disappointed. He was more disappointed that she didn't greet him with repinings. Mr. Jobson saw that she was likely to go to sleep again and that he wasn't causing any grief at all by being naughty and keeping still. So he cleared his throat and said:

"Did he play the buck dance concert in Z minor with his hair, and how was it?"

There was a lot of sarcasm in the way Mr. Jobson asked this question.

Mrs. Jobson didn't turn over at all. "What are you talking about?" she inquired sleepily.

"I want to know if that Dutchman that kept you away from your duty of serving a meal to your husband after his day of grinding labor gave you your money's worth; also if you think you're making any kind of a hit with anybody by these methods, hey?"

"Oh, the recital; that's what you're speaking of, isn't it?" said Mrs. Jobson sweetly. "Well, I didn't go. I had intended to go when I started out shopping in the morning and left the note for you to tell you so, but I thought it might annoy you to have me away from dinner, and so, when I concluded my shopping, about 4 o'clock this afternoon, I decided not to go to the recital. The Fourteenth street car that brought me up town passed the car that took you down town. I saw you on the car and wondered why you were going in that direction. I suppose you had to go back to your office to work. It's shameful the way they're overworking you, you poor old thing," and then Mrs. Jobson, who knew that Mr. Jobson hadn't been working at his office, turned over and subsided into dreamy slumber.

"You can't beat 'em," thought Mr. Jobson when he got into bed. He was thinking of women in general.—Washington Star.

What He Did Object To.

The author of "Kings of the Hunting Field" says that at a certain English church many years ago, while the clergyman was reading prayers, a man walked in, shouted "I've got 'em!" and immediately withdrew. He had sounded a well known call. Every farmer and laborer who possessed a gun soon followed him and in an hour or two brought to the village inn the fox they had shot.

Spirituality was in those days at a very low ebb, and some clergymen cared more for sport than for the example they set to their flocks. Bishops tried to disown hunting as a clerical pastime, but the law did not enable them to remove the offenders from their livings. Dr. Phillpotts, bishop of Exeter, who called to account several sporting clergymen in his diocese, met one of them at a friend's house.

"I am told, my lord, that you object to my hunting," said the clergyman.

"Dear me, who could have told you so?" answered the bishop. "What I object to is that you should ever do anything else."

Mrs. Motherly—Why is it, George, that you have never thought seriously of getting married?

George—You misunderstand me, Mrs. Motherly. I have always thought of getting married.

George—You misunderstood me, Mrs. Motherly. I have always thought of getting married.

PASSING OF THE NIGHTCAP.

Our Catarrhal Troubles Are Largely Due to Its Abandonment.

"If the American people would only put on nightcaps when they go to bed, there would not be near so many cases of catarrhal trouble as there are now," said a Chicago physician. He continued: "It is well known that as a nation the percentage of catarrhal complaints is greater among us than in any other nation in the world and that there are more cases among men than among women. The reason for this disproportion is the absence of nightcaps and the habit of smoking in the open air. Women, if they smoke at all, do not do so in the open air, and if they do not wear nightcaps they are in a measure protected by their heavier heads of hair. Men, on the contrary, habitually wear their hair close cut, are careless about the temperature of the rooms in which they sleep, and while all the rest of the body is carefully protected the head may be exposed all night to a zero temperature and that at the very time when nature is at its lowest ebb and can do the least to protect itself. If we would begin by nightcaping all our children and induce them to keep up the habit in later years, within a generation or two catarrh would be a comparatively rare disease in the United States."

"Englishmen and the people of the continent know an American by two things—his liberality with money and his habit of hawking and spitting. They cannot understand the latter, as catarrh is an unusual complaint abroad. But nightcaps are not. They are a recognized part of the night toilet throughout Europe, and to this is due the freedom of the people there from a distressing complaint."

"Who ever sees a nightcap in this country? But in England it is so much a matter of course that its great writer, Dickens, frequently mentioned it in order to give the proper touch of realism to his creations." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Dr. W. C. Wilcox, Dentist, from Redwood City, will be in South San Francisco the last week of each month. All work guaranteed and done at city prices. Painless filling and extraction of teeth a specialty. Wait for the Doc.

Reward!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

NOTICE.

Patrons of the Postoffice at this place will please take notice that hereafter no money orders will be issued after 6:30 o'clock, p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is active and steady on good fat stock.

Sheep—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

Hogs—Hogs are selling at uneven but strong prices.

Provisions—Provisions are in fair demand and strong prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$1 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 fed Steers 10@\$12 1/2c; No. 2 Steers 8@\$10 1/2c; fat grass steers 9@\$11 1/2c; second quality, 8@\$12 1/2c; thin steers 6@\$10 1/2c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers 7@\$12 1/2c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 6@\$10 1/2c; thin cows, 5@\$10 1/2c.

Hogs—Hard, grain fed, 130 lbs, 5@\$12 1/2c; under 130 lbs, 5@\$12 1/2c; rough hogs, 4@\$10 1/2c; soft hogs, 4@\$10 1/2c.

Sheep—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and above, 3@\$12 1/2c; Ewes, 3@\$13 1/2c; Spring Lambs, 1@\$12 1/2c; 1@\$13 1/2c; or 4@\$

THE DANCING LIGHTS.

From out the country spaces cool and clear
We dash into the maze of city streets,
What pageant this that straightway doth appear?
What land of faery that our vision greets?

A feast of lights! And as we roll along,
As if each one some lovely dancer held,
They interweave as to some choric song
Which from the dark mysteriously welled;

To whose soft tune the dancers round and round
Move in a rapture tremulous and intense,
With languorous paces that make faintest sound
And ever duller and more drowsy sense.

The dancing lights! Too lingeringly I gazed
On their warm motions till, as one who feels
When by some beauteous, blinding vision dazed,
And then, back to himself returning, feels

Right glad of heart; so, then, it was with me
As, looking up, I saw the heaven's calm
Shedding the light of stars so silently
That on my heart that stillness fel like balm.

Fair off and cool, each, in his perfect sphere,
Hold, as if motionless, his awful way;
Star unto star discoursing crystal clear
As when they sang creation's primal lay.

Ah me! I would that when the dancing lights
Of wayward passion seek my soul to sway
With their wild motion, from those nearer sights
I might be strong to turn my eyes away.

To where th' eternal stars so purely shine—
Truth, Beauty, Good—and by that vision blest—
Lifting my heart to make its clearness mine,
Taste then, earth-bound, the everlasting rest.

—Harper's Magazine.

A Dead Man's Eyes.

IRGINIA CITY, Nev., in the flush of the great Comstock lode: A man strolled down C street one June evening, and then struck into a trail which led upward along the slant of Mount Davidson. He was a large, broad-shouldered, full-bearded man. At a point where the trail diverged he stopped as if for a short rest, and, with his hat in his hand, turned to view the scene below him.

The sun was approaching the horizon. Everywhere the sky was a cobalt blue, save in the far distance, where it changed to a delicate purple and gradually melted into long, low streaks of red, gold and shimmering crimson. Looking down the canyon, Sugar Loaf stood darkly silhouetted against the brilliant background, and past it miles further down and away—the plains lay sleeping in the evening haze. In the middle distance, the big red buildings of the shafts and mills, with their tall, steamboat smokestacks, were sharply outlined; on every side the white domes seemed to flow out of the sagebrush hills, and beneath him clustered the motley and jumbled mass of houses tacked to the steep mountain side—Nevada's chief city.

Another man trudged up the trail and paused when he descried the figure ahead of him. He was not cast in the heroic mold of the first. His face betrayed the Latin blood. There was a look of vindictive envy in his small, bead-like eyes as he watched the contented man above him. He wondered if all the things they said about Jim Sanders were true. Why was it he had no partner and worked his claim alone? Was there any truth in the rumor that Jim's claim was paying well and that he was keeping his money hid instead of banking it? As to his own claim—well, Gus was a good and uncomplaining worker, and the cabin was all right to sleep in. Mining was a gamble anyway, and so was faro. Still one knew there was money in faro, if the cards came rightly. But this evening Joe Casadra was broke. A week before he had won a thousand dollars at a single sitting.

After a little while the object of his gaze moved on and Casadra followed, keeping well in the rear. When he arrived at the Sanders cabin, Jim stood in the doorway.

"Hello, Joe!"
"Hello, Jim!"
"How they comin'?"

"Damned bad," savagely.
"Better leave the chips alone, Joe—there's nothing in it," said Jim, philosophically. "Why don't you help the poor Dutchman out? More money in that, Joe."

"Advice is cheap," replied Casadra, ill-naturedly. "D'ye think ye'd be willing to give me anything else?"

"I might," said Jim, clamy knocking the ashes out of his pipe against his boot-heels.

"Then lend me a hundred dollars."

"No, Joe, I won't; it wouldn't do ye any good."

"To hell with your advice!" exclaimed Casadra, angrily, striding swiftly away and up the trail to the cabin he shared with Gus.

The next morning, on his way to town, he stopped at Jim's cabin. In his mind was a half-formed resolution to say some commonplace thing to Jim which the latter might accept as an apology for his rudeness of the previous evening. There was no sense in making an enemy of him. He threw

away his cigarette and hesitatingly approached the door, which stood ajar, and looked in. What he saw startled him. Jim was lying on his side on the bed, with one arm thrown over his head. His big gray eyes were wide open and seemed to be looking Casadra full in the face.

"Mornin', Jim."

There was no response—not even the quiver of an eyelid. Casadra watched him uneasily for a moment, and then turned and went on his way to the town. He wondered if Jim always slept in such a queer fashion, and if such a sleep was a sound one? It was late in the night when he passed the cabin again. The door was still ajar, and all was dark within.

The following day, shortly after sunrise, found him before the partly opened door. He had a premonition of what he would see as he suddenly pushed it wide open. Jim was still lying on his side with his arm over his head, the open eyes fixed on the doorway. In two steps Casadra was beside him. He put out his hand, involuntarily withdrew it for a second, and then, with an effort, placed it on the forehead of the man in bed. The touch was icily cold. Down over the heart went the hand; there was no response from that fountain head. Then Jose knew he was not looking upon sleep. Murder or suicide? He threw off the bedclothes, expecting to see blood, but there was none. Just then he saw a sheet of writing paper lying on a table by the bedside. Picking it up eagerly, he read:

"Dear Brother: I have been taken suddenly ill to-night. If the worst should happen, when you come on, go at once into the shaft. In the second drift, exactly twenty-four feet from the shaft, dig—"

In an instant the paper was crushed in his hand and thrust into his shirtbosom. Furtively he looked around, as if in fear of being detected. He never thought of the body in the bed until his wandering gaze fell upon the pallid face and the distended eyes staring fixedly at him. Nervously he moved to the door; the eyes followed him. He stepped almost behind the bed and yet felt himself within the range of the awful vision. Many dead men he had seen before, but some had always closed their eyes for them. These eyes seemed to move like those of some old portrait.

It was late in the afternoon when he notified the coroner of his discovery. The body was taken down to the undertaker and the coroner decided an inquest unnecessary. Sanders belonged to a Masonic order that took charge of the funeral arrangements. The fact that Casadra left Virginia City the night of the day the body was discovered was noted by some, but no especial significance was attached to his departure.

Two months later in a gambling house at El Paso:

A crowd of men sitting and standing three deep about the faro table; the dealer pushed the cards out of the nickel-plated box, unconcernedly paying the lucky bets and sweeping away the others; every one oppressively silent; all eyes on the different stacks of chips and the fateful box before the dealer; the money-drawer of the table pulled far out, disclosing the shining twenties; and Jose Casadra "keeping cases," betting heavily, and losing.

But he was too old a gambler to be betrayed by an expression which way the weather vane of fortune pointed, and when he had lost three heavy bets in succession, not a muscle of his face changed as he calmly put a large stake on the ace to win and "coppered" the king for an equal amount. A hand reached over the fringe of the crowd and placed a modest number of chips on the same cards. The ace won; the king lost. Like all of his superstitious fraternity, he was quick to notice the slightest incident connected with a change of luck, and now waited for the hand before making his next venture. Again it came over the heads of the crowd, and this time played a combination of the five, six, seven, eight and nine to win, and the queen and jack to lose. Instantly Jose had \$200 on the same bets. Once more he was successful. When it came to call "the turn," the party behind him bet "tray-deuce." Jose did the same. The tray and deuce came out in the order named. Then he cashed in his chips a winner, and getting up from the table, pushed through the crowd to see who it was he had so luckily followed.

The man was in a distant corner of the room by himself. Jose's dark face became suddenly livid, for he found himself looking into the eyes of Jim Sanders. The eyes were in the head of a tall, heavily-built, and smooth-faced man.

"Who—are—you?" weakly gasped Jose, backing away.

"Who am I?" replied the other in a jocular way, although his eyes belied it. "Who am I? Why, don't ye know me?"

"Not—not—Jim?" came Jose's hoarse whisper, as he gazed in incredulous fright. But the blood was slowly coming back into his face. The voice was different, if the eyes were not.

"No, I'm Tom—Jim's brother. Jim's dead, ye know."

"Yes, —I—I—know, but your eyes? Damn you! Where'd you get those eyes?" The other advanced a step.

"My God! It is Jim!" he almost screamed, as he cringed in abject terror against the wall.

"Say, what kind of a feller are ye anyhow, to be so skear about a feller's brother? S'pose I hev got Jim's eyes? Ain't they good enough? Jim hed a little the best o' me—he was a half-hour older. I jest ken from Virginny. Everybody thought Jim left a stake, but he didn't, pore feller—lastways, none that I could find. How long since you beenثار?"

Some of Jose's confidence was re-

turning. He muttered an unintelligible reply.

"How much money you got?" The colossal impudence of the question would have astounded any stranger. Jose looked angrily amazed. He started to reply with an oath, when suddenly his face changed.

"Don't look at me like that!" he whined.

"How much money you got?" repeated the big man, calmly but remorselessly.

Jose struggled with himself to keep silent; but the cold, deliberate and judging eyes compelled him to speak and tell the truth.

"Four-thousand—dollars," he faltered, barely above a whisper.

"So you've got \$4,000 now?" echoed the other, in tones of great satisfaction.

Abject fright again swept into Jose's face. Four thousand? Why, that was exactly the amount he—

The thought was not even finished in his mind. He saw that the eyes read guilt in his own. By an almost superhuman effort he broke the hypnotic spell of the dreaded gaze and looked hurriedly about him for help. He tried to cry out, but his throat was dry. Then his hand shifted nervously behind him for his revolver.

"None o' that! None o' that!" cried his captor, warningly. "I've got my eyes on ye, and I've got his eyes in my head, and I kin see with 'em, too. I kin see you're guilty—guilty o' stealing;—a thousand o' Jim's good money. I want that four thousand ye got."

Jose, blanched and terror-stricken, made a gesture of denial.

"No use o' denyin' it," resumed his Nemesis, coldly and sternly, "for I warn't in Virginy for nothin'. I yearn' o' you thar. I was in that drift as well as yourself. Ye left a wide-open trail. Ye don't think I been folerin' ye for nothin', ye say? Ye don't think I've been keepin' my eyes—Jim's eyes—on ye to let ye git away from me now? Come outside and give me that money. Come on, now!"

With his face toward Jose he opened the door and stalked out. And Jose, powerless to resist, followed him into the night.

Richardson, the mine superintendent, and Thompson, the San Francisco stockbroker, sat talking over their coffee and cigars in Virginia's best restaurant.

"You say he saw the whole thing?"

"Yes."

"Well, it certainly is a remarkable story. When did he return?"

"Yesterday, I believe."

"Of whom are you speaking, Richardson?" some one asked from an adjoining table.

"Why, Jim Sanders, that fellow who went into trance three or four months ago, and so narrowly escaped being buried alive!"—Argonaut.

The California woodpecker will carry an acorn thirty miles to store it.

The land crabs of Cuba run with great speed, even outrunning a horse.

The dragon fly can fly backward and sidelong, and can alter its course on the instant without turning.

Nothing, perhaps, is so bitter as olives freshly picked, yet after they turn purple and black, hogs soon learn to devour them.

One of the longest-lived birds on record died recently in London. It was a parrot named Ducky, the property of the Prince of Wales, and was a century and a quarter old. Up to 80 years of age elephants are useful members of society.

The sweet and luscious grapes are eaten with great relish by horses, cows and sheep. Deer are fond of grapes, and often do much damage in California vineyards. Hogs fatten upon grapes, rabbits love them, and a number of the wild animals, as the elephant and camel, will eat them.

The squirting cucumber of the Mediterranean alarm goats and cattle by discharging its ripe fruits explosively in their faces the moment the stem is touched. The cucumbers contain a pungent juice, which discharges itself into the eyes of its opponent and the smarting sensation which results is hard to bear.

How Europe's Law-Makers Are Paid

The lawmakers of Austria and France are paid \$5 a day; in Greece the senators get \$100 a month and the deputies \$50; in Germany members of both houses receive about \$2.50 a day; in Denmark the members of the "landsting" each receive about \$3 a day; in Belgium each member of the chamber of representatives gets \$85 a month; in Portugal the peers and commons are paid the same sum, which is about \$355 a year; in Spain the members of the cortes are not paid for their services, but enjoy many advantages and immunities; in Switzerland the members of the national council get \$2.50 a day, and the council of states, the lower house, \$1.50; in Italy the senators and deputies are not paid at all, but are allowed traveling expenses.

The Phoenix.

The Phoenix was the name of the first fire company in England, and it was established in 1682. At that time, in the towns, squirts or syringes were used for extinguishing fire, and their length did not exceed two or three feet, with pipes of leather. Watertight seamless hose was first made in Bethnal Green in 1720.

The words of the silent man are never repeated in court.

WAS A FAMOUS FRAUD

REMARKABLE AND MONUMENTAL SWINDLING SCHEME.

The Principal Tells How He Forged Records that Deceived Eminent Lawyers, Enlisted Millionaires, and Cost Uncle Sam the Sum of \$250,000.

One of the most remarkable land cases in the history of the country and possibly of the world was that of James Reavis, who laid claim to 12,500,000 acres of land in Arizona and New Mexico under what is called the "Peralta grant" and who recently confessed himself a fraud and his title a myth. It cost the United States \$250,000 to defeat Reavis and secure his imprisonment in a New Mexican penitentiary for two years. In the meantime the influential friends of Reavis had spent \$75,000 in his behalf, and honestly insisted that his claim was just.

The Peralta land claim story reads like a romance. It was founded solely on the mythical lineage of a Mexican girl whom Reavis married. In a word, he forged so skillfully that this woman from Mexican mountains was herself convinced that she was an heiress—she believed the story he told her. She swore that she was the granddaughter of Baron Miguel Peralta de la Cordova, of Spain, who went to Mexico in 1730 as a crown commissioner, and in recognition of his services King Philip V. in 1742 gave him the grant of this great tract of 12,500,



JAMES ADDISON REAVIS.

000 acres, which to-day lies in Arizona and New Mexico and contains some flourishing towns and is worth \$100,000,000.

Suit was formally entered in the United States Court of Claims. Eminent counsel offered their services to Reavis on a contingent fee. The government sent searchers to Spain, Crocker, Mackay, Huntington, all lent Reavis money to fight what they regarded as a just claim. Conkling, Cockran and Ingersoll agreed to serve as counsel. Ed Stokes let the man and his wife run up a \$10,000 board bill at the Hoffman House. Confiding merchants added clothes, horses and carriages, jewels. Strangest of all, there arose all over the country 100 other claimants, all Peraltas and all descendants of the original baron. Yet the baron's descendants were only the creatures of Reavis' brain.

It was after the civil war that Reavis conceived his conspiracy. He was 35 years old. He had forged a little—a pass in the army, a title deed to some land, a note—and hadn't been found out. So when a Dr. George M. Willing told him of a great tract of land in Arizona and New Mexico to which he bore a clouded title he decided to look into it. Dr. Willing had claimed the title, and at his death his wife wanted to look it up. She asked Reavis, who had been dabbling in real estate in St. Louis, to take charge of it. But it was worthless. Reavis then made up his mind to find someone else to whom the title could be ascribed. He found her in an unknown Mexican girl. No one knew the history of her birth. From a baby she had Indian children for playmates. A ranchero's family raised her and sold her into bondage.

Reavis took this beautiful child to San Francisco, and John W. Mackay was so impressed with his story that he allowed him \$500 a month with which to go to Spain to prosecute his search for evidence. So Reavis went, posing as a newspaper correspondent, eager to write accounts of Spanish curiosities, so dear to the American people, then friendly to Spain. Reavis found that the Peralta family was extinct—just the thing to further his schemes!

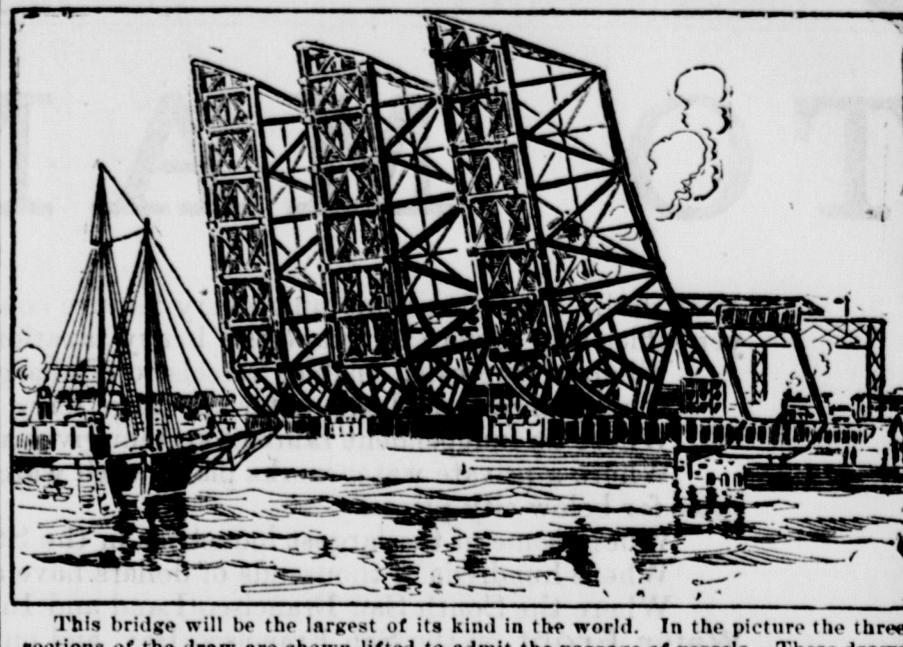
In a curio shop Reavis got a valuable link in the chain of evidence—two old ivory miniatures of a husband and wife. His practiced eye told him that they had been painted in the eighteenth century. They were just what he needed.

"On these as a foundation," says this strange man, "I built the mythical structure which all but stood against the efforts of the government and the vast expenditures of money to tear it down!"

Reavis came back and married the beautiful Mexican and told her that the miniatures were those of her great-grandmother. Then pushing aside all the forgeries prepared to back up the Willing claim, Reavis started in anew. He traced the lineage of the Peraltas. He found it to be an old family. The name meant a "high pear," from the Spanish "pera," pear, and "alta," high. The family became a titled one when a dukedom was conferred upon Enrique Carrillo several hundred years ago. The last one was Baron Miguel.

Now for a mythical hero, the grandfather of the Mexican girl! This was easy. Reavis selected another extinct Spanish family named Silva, married

BOSTON'S WONDERFUL ROLL LIFT BRIDGE.



This bridge will be the largest of its kind in the world. In the picture the three sections of the draw are shown lifted to admit the passage of vessels. These draws weigh 3,160,000 pounds. Electricity will be the power used.

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Base-Ball "Fan" Has a Novel Way of Entertaining Friends.

Julius Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, New York, Europe and several other places, has clinched his claim of being the greatest base-ball "fan" in the world by maintaining a team and park of his own, in which games are played for the amusement of himself and friends. Mr. Fleischmann has a great racing stable, crack yachts and other means of enjoyment, but it is in his baseball outfit that he takes the most pleasure and pride.

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Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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